

A N  
E L E G Y,  
O N

The Deplorable, and never enough to be Lamented Death, of the Illustrious, and Serene  
**CHARLES the II. KING**  
O F

*Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. who Departed this Life, (on Friday the 6th. of February, between 11 and 12. of the Clock, in the Forenoon: And was Interr'd at Westminster, the 14th. of the same Month, being the 55th Year of his Age, 1685;*

**H**Ang all the Streets with Sable Sad; and call  
The Royal Palace *Black*; and not *White-Hall*:  
Weep Sacred Beads of Loyal Tears, and true,  
Of Orient Pearl; but Occidental Hew.  
Since *Britains Phæbus* hath forsook the Stage,  
Before he reach'd the *Tropick* of his Age.  
The interval betwixt our *Setting Sun*,  
And Rising *Sovereign*, 'ere his Light begun  
Was short; yet (till our Sorrow found Relief)  
We were near delug'd in the Seas of Grief.  
Yet (tho our *Sovereign* doth our Mourning 'swage,  
And gives our joy of Grief the *Weather-gage*.)  
We'll make no *Bonfires*, for (it were in vain)  
Our flowing Eyes would Weep them out again.  
All *Isra'l* when Good *Hezekiah* Di'd  
To his last Breath, true Loyal Honour pay'd;  
Where's then the Boldest Critick can deny  
Great *CHARLES* his worth a Doleful *ELEGY*;  
His Worth, to Times last Period shall Endure,  
In spite of Envy or the Grave Secure:  
And Children yet Uuborn with Tears shall pay  
A Mournful Tribute to his sacred Clay.  
He from his Child-hood was of great Renown;  
He bore his *Cross* before he wore his *Crown*.  
Brancht in the stock of Trouble ('tis well known)  
His Fruit was Ripe, the Blossom yet unblown.  
*Great-Britains* Bane, and *Blush* Eclips'd his Skie,  
Ere *England* knew his Sovereignty:  
But as his *Sun* ascended the Noon-day,  
All Clouds (like Vapours) vanish'd quite away:  
And the Bright Calmes of Peace did still remain  
Through the whole Circle of his Halcyon Reign.

Then Rest (dear *Saint*, tho now Intomb'd in Dust)  
Until the Resurrection of the Just.  
And let our Mourners mitigate their Grief,  
Because our Sorrow doth admit Relief:  
The Vail of Death no Christian needs dismay;  
The *King of Kings* himself did guide the Way.

And (since our Sore a Salve along doth bring)  
God save Great *JAMES*, our Second Sovereign *King*.  
Let his Dominions preface Black with White;  
Since Rising *Phæbus* dissipates our Night:  
Let Loyal Subjects all both cry and Sing  
Like Birds Reviv'd in the returning Spring.  
Let Court and City raise their joyful Voice  
And Loyal Sighs still Eccho back *Rejoyce*:  
Till Plotters all Conspiracies lay by,  
And *Treason* turn to purest Loyalty.

Hence then projecting Traytors, stand aloof;  
His Loyal Throne is sure, and *Treason-Proof*:  
Left set on Edge by old Seditious *Smec*,  
Your *Treasons* Trap turn round upon your Neck.  
His Presence may no *Rebels* Old Resort,  
Nor base *Achitophels* frequent his Court;  
But Reign in Peace, whilst we have in our Eye  
*CHARLES* still alive in *JAMES'S* Royalty.

But since he's Dead and gone let this sad Verse  
(Tho undeserving) yet attend his *Herse*.

E P I T A P H.

**H**ere lyes Great *CHARLES* the just the Good,  
As ever came of Royal Blood:  
To Troubles Born, he Early knew  
What *Kings* (as Men) are subject to:  
His Morning Glories were orecaft,  
And by some fatal Star Opprest.  
But as his Sun ascended Noon,  
The cruel *Comet* did fall Down,  
In Peace he Liv'd, in Peace he Di'd;  
The Kingdom and the Churches Guide.  
The Guardian of the swelling Main;  
The Terroure of the *DUTCH* and *DANE*.  
At his Commands all War did Cease,  
And *Europe* Owes to him her Peace.  
Diseates at his Power did Crouch,  
And own the Vertue of his Touch.  
Let *KINGS* and *PRINCES* in him Glory,  
And make his Reign their Directory.

P. K.

L O N D O N,  
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